new phantasies. I will see, and think,
and know.

(Enters a ragged GIRL.)

Girl

Are you there, father ?

Sanyasi

Come, child, sit by me. I wish I
could own that call of yours. Some
one did call me father, once, and the
voice was somewhat like yours. The
father answers now,—but where is
that call ?

Girl

Who are you ?

Sanyasi

I am a Sanyasi Tell me, child,
what is your father ?

Girl

He gathers sticks from the forest.